

Peter Wall

Into The Eye of The Storm

The winds blew cold like the breath of a being of pure ice in the country of Stigandr. In the northwest part of the country, there was a town known as Fjior. Fjior was one of the smaller towns in the country, with one of the lowest populations and lowest occurrences of crime. A criminal was approaching the town with a Job to do.

After a life of training in the art of the Assassin, Grayin Forgedawn was off to Fjior three years since he lost his sister and was exiled from the clan of thieves, he was in. He had to trek several mountains to get to where he is now, so he was exhausted as he entered the town of Fjior. One of the only buildings with their lights on was the tavern, which was like seeing the holy grail in. The Tavern was empty due to it being very late in the night, the only others in there were two goliaths, a dwarf, and the barkeep. Grayin sat on a barstool and awaited the barkeeper to get to him.

“Hello there. Can I get you anything?” The barkeeper asked.

“Something light” Grayin responded. The Barkeeper nodded, and then walked off. Grayin’s voice was soft, but sterner. He spoke quietly and quickly; as he did not like chatter. Sitting in a barstool across from the tavern, was a Goliath, wearing chainmail armor underneath a blue and yellow surcoat. Beside him was a simple looking war hammer, big enough only to be wielded by a warrior. He sat up straight and drank out of a bottle of water. The Bartender walks up to him, and chats with him as he prepares Grayin’s drink.

“Another water?”

“No thanks. How much do I owe?”

“After the brawl you stopped last week, it’s on the house.”

“You are too kind my friend”

“I’d trust you with my life Oberon”

Goliaths were a tall, strong, and sturdy race, having gray skin, usually no hair on their scalp, and birth marks on their face that are usually hereditary. Oberon had light colored eyes, as well as marks above his eyes, on both sides of his lower jaw, and a diamond shape on his forehead. The other two inhabitants sat apart from each other, as they did not appear to have previously met. One of them was a Dwarf with a silver helmet, and a wooden war hammer. The other was another goliath with wild red hair, a fur pelt around his waist, a clear empty bottle, and a large battle-axe resting by his side.

The bartender returned with Grayin’s drink, Grayin then paid the bartender three copper pieces, and thanked him. Before he could take a sip of his drink, a crash of thunder blasted through town. The loud slam was immediately followed by townspeople running out of their homes and screaming. The Goliath in blue was quick to get up, grab his hammer, and race outside. The Dwarf went out with concern, and the other Goliath ran out with intrigue. Grayin took a final swig of his beer, and walked outside. What he saw were citizens in disarray, and the three from the tavern looking up towards the source of the sound. What they saw was a giant storm cloud, with bolts of lightning flashing from its underside.

“The storm is coming from the mountain of Magne.” Oberon told the others.

“What do you think it is?” the dwarf asked.

“I don’t know, but I sure as hell want to find out” The other goliath bellowed with enthusiasm

“Well then, let us venture off. I shall take the lead, shall you join us, Elf?” Oberon offered. Unbeknownst to Grayin, Oberon peeked at the quiver of arrows at Grayin’s side that indicated that he was a warrior. Grayin glanced at Oberon and then began to make his way towards the mountain.

“I’ll take his silence as a yes.” The dwarf implied, as he began to follow him. The other two followed suit and began their journey towards the mountain of Magne. Grayin stayed ahead to avoid the others, as he did not wish to speak or get to know any of them. The others, however, exchanged in chatter and introduction.

“My name is Darfur, what about the rest of you?” The dwarf asked

“I am Oberon, defender of these lands and all that is good and holy:”

“The name is Komabok, that is all you need to know”

“What about you, Elf?” Darfur asked. Grayin protested his question with silence, hoping Darfur would back down.

“Oi! He asked for your name.” Komabok hollered.

“You don’t have to know, and I’m not here to talk. I don’t know who any of you are and I don’t want to, now stop talking to me.” Grayin snapped towards them. The rest of the climb was silent, with occasional moments of chatter until they reached the mountain. The cloud was much bigger up close than it looked from the town, and the lightning continued to crackle from it. The lightning was aimed at the ruin of what looked to be an ancient village. The group felt the ground

shake and heard booms of thunder in the distance, as if the gods slammed the world with a mallet. Just as the group began to advance towards the mountains, they saw a black fog in the corner of their eyes, and Grayin was nowhere to be found. Before they could question his location further, they heard a roar of thunder and crackles of lightning coming from the ruins. When they entered, they discovered the source of the storm that plagued the mountain. Deep within the ruins, a storm giant was bashing his great sword, and harnessing the power of lightning in his hands. The Giant looked to be nearly thirty feet tall, and had a long gray beard, a spartan-like helmet, and a great sword fit only for a giant such as himself. As the giant saw the three warriors, his eyes flared with sparks of lightning, and he took up his sword and prepared to charge towards them. Before he could advance, he turned around to reveal Grayin to the party, who had teleported behind the giant and shot him in the back. The giant looks at Grayin with rage, before reaching into the ground and pulling out a huge boulder. Grayin tried to get out of the way but was pummeled by the boulder after the giant threw it at him.

Grayin couldn't see, hear or feel anything around him before the giant picked up the boulder to reveal a prone injured Grayin. Grayin felt that his legs were broken, along with multiple ribs, and his collarbone. He was in immense pain, but he welcomed it, thinking he had nothing left to lose. The giant leaned to finish him off but was interrupted by the other three charging to attack. Darfur bashed his ankles with his hammer, and Komabok slashed his arms and hips with his battleaxes. Grayin couldn't find Oberon anywhere, which caught him off guard. Just as Grayin had assumed he was going to die, he felt footsteps beside him. With his vision blurred, he could still tell it was Oberon.

“This will help, hold still”

“What are...what are you doing?”

Grayin felt a sharp pain in his stomach. The pain, however, swiftly began to recede, and he began to feel his broken bones realign, and his senses return to him. Oberon stood up, and helped Grayin up who was able to stand perfectly.

“How did you... Why did you do that?” Grayin asked in amazement

“We must save the talking for later, for now we must focus on taking this giant down” Grayin was shocked, wondering what had just happened, and why the goliath risked his life to save a criminal. He couldn't get lost in his thoughts, he had to take this thing down. Grayin sprinted towards the giant who was distracted with Darfur and Komabok, leaped up, and jabbed his twin daggers into the giant's back. He clung onto the hilts of his daggers as if he was a mountain climber, while the giant wrestled to get him off. Darfur and Oberon saw this as an opportunity, and both struck the giant's ankles with their hammers. Their strikes along with Grayin being on his back, resulted in the giant falling onto its stomach. Grayin got up and stood on top of it, and the others pressed their hammers on the giant's wrists. Komabok swiftly took the opportunity, and slammed his battle axe into the giant's neck, chopping its head clean off. The receded soon after, the storm giant was dead.

After screaming in triumph, Komabok went to reach for his axe, He noticed a small electric spark coming from the blade of his Axe. When we inspected it, he was hit with a small static shock equivalent to the shock felt after touching metal. He went to swing it, and with it came a trail of blue lightning following the blade. This is when he found that his axe had been embedded with the powers of the storm.

After the battle, Grayin went to Oberon still shook and confused from the previous chaos. He felt like after receiving lemons

“You... you saved me”

“Yes. Is there something wrong?”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t believe in letting someone die. If I have the ability to help them. Especially someone in as critical of a condition as you were.”

“no one has ever done that for me in a long time. Thank you. My name is Grayin”

“Well, I’m honored to meet you Grayin. Now why don’t we set up camp, it’s very late.”

The group builds a fire with surrounding wood, and some flint and iron that Darfur had on his person. Komabok sat near the fire, still mesmerized with his axe. Darfur sat and inspected his hammer for chips, Oberon finished setting up the fire, and Grayin removed his tunic, revealing a cloth woven shirt underneath. He laid his tunic behind him and stared at the fire.

“Well, I assume there will be more threats like this in Stigandr, Will any of you join me in cleansing this country of evil?” Oberon offers to the group

“I trust that we can be good friends, I’m in” Darfur says

“I shall come too. I can put my military training to use once more.” Komabok concurs.

“Well?” Oberon says to Grayin, “tis your choice if you wish to accompany us.” Grayin thought hard for a moment, after years of exiling himself from any social contact that wasn’t bargaining, he had an opportunity to go with three random strangers to who knows where. However, this time he felt like he belonged, and that the people around him didn’t have killing him on their minds. While he was still stubborn as a cassowary, there was nowhere he’d want to be more than with these three.

“Sure, I’ll come too. Better than where I was heading anyway.”

“Splendid. Then we shall head south in the morning, and let the townspeople know that they are safe” Oberon said. The three agreed to sleep, while Grayin stays up a little later. Elves didn’t sleep like other creatures; they instead entered a meditative trance for half the time a human slept. Grayin walked towards a beach alongside the mountain, sat down, and stared out at the horizon. This was something he did to pass time back in his hometown of Lavrtis. To him, watching the horizon was as comforting as a warm comfortable bed after a long day. His home city was not like Fjior, it was crowded, populated, and downright filled with crime. This beach was nothing like the one there, there were no ships, no sounds of chattering people, and no fear of what to expect next. After years of endless seclusion and exile, it took a journey to the eye of a storm to find faith in his ability to trust again. [OBJ]